

# The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 30.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

IS PUBLISHED AT

NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE

ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY.

PRICE

\$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

Ten Cents for the first two insertions; Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

N. B.—Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrangements whatever can be made with the other editorial offices.

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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.

Editor of *The N. Y. Saturday Press*.

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

EXTRACTS FROM

"POEMS, CHIEFLY PHILOSOPHICAL."

BY JAMES HENRY, M. D.

I.

These thoughts, while through my brain they passed,  
Were mine;  
Passing through thy brain, reader, they are thine:  
Use them as best thou mayst; who I am, thou  
Concerns as little, as who thou art me.

II.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank thee, Muse, for pleasures three—  
Poet, what pleasures may those be?  
I thank thee first for the delight  
I take myself all the while;  
I thank thee next, and thank thee more  
For the delight with which I store  
Cells of honied poesy.

For those who shall come after me;  
And last, and most for the delight  
I thank thee, Muse, with which I write  
Poems my friends from morn to night  
And night to morn read with delight.

THURSDAY, SUMMERSIDE, DRESDEN, FEB. 28, 1854.

III.

Reader, you'll do me justice,  
I humbly trust and hope,  
And not clause me with Byron,  
Or Longfellow, or Pope.

I'll have no second laurels;  
No lieutenant's renown;  
This hand's made for a sceptre,  
This brow's made for a crown.

The stage has its four monarchs,  
The cross has its three,  
The lyrist on two thrones sit,  
The tenth throne is for me.

All kinds of measures round me,  
All kinds of thoughts, shall stand;  
All passions, pains and pleasures  
Kneel low and kiss my hand.

And so I'll reign forever,  
Superior and alone,  
Higher than King or Kaiser,  
The poet on his throne.

Composed during the night in bed.—Trumpler Schlosschen, Dresden, March 29—30, 1854.

IV.

I never was yet in such terrible haste  
That I had not a minute or two to waste,  
If I met with a friend or a girl or a glass—  
So here a to you, boys: let the bumper pass.

How many'st here of us? one, two, three, four;  
Eds! Eds! I could never yet count to a score;  
But every man, sure, is a friend or mine;  
That sits with me drinking the red, red wine.

Last, come here if you're merry, and sit on my knee;  
Clasp your arm round my neck close, and take kiss  
three;

Take the first for yourself, take the second for me;  
And one into the bargain will surely make three.

But my glass lies in shivers; so now for a pull;  
At the deep bowl itself while it's foaming brimful;  
There's the bottom, God bless it; amen and amen!  
Now fill it up, boys, till it do it again.

Trumpler Schlosschen, Dresden, March 8, 1854.

V.

Come, Mary with the eyes so blue,  
Come, Mary with the heart so true,  
Come and let's ramble awhile together  
In the bright, warm, sunshiny weather.  
Along the lane, beneath the trees,  
In the field or garden, where you please,  
For it's not about the walk I care,  
But to be with you anywhere.

If you don't like to walk, we'll sit  
In the jessamine-bower and while you knit;  
Or draw, or sit in idleness,  
I, and you, and Eddie, and the Queen;  
Will tell you tales, read poetry,  
Or tell to my guitar an air,  
Not that guitar or book's my care,  
But to be with you anywhere.

If less agreeable the bower,  
Come, let's ascend the ruined tower  
That on the hill commands the shore  
And off hear the breakers roar;  
There, armed with Galilean eye,  
Every spar, sail, rope we'll descry  
In every tall ship passing by;  
Not that for tower, sea, ship I care,  
But to be with you anywhere.

You'll none of all; well, Mary, no;  
Out of this spot we'll never go;  
Smile but on me those eyes so blue,  
Beat but for me that heart so true.  
Here is my world, and other none;  
I recognize beneath the sun;  
Beside you here I'll live and die,  
Beside you's my eternity.

Taunus, Evans, at the foot of the Gross-Glockner, July 17, 1854, and while walking from Leut to Salas in the Pustertal, July 21, 1854.

VI.

I, being a boy, used thus to count my singers;

Stand up, right thumb up; thou art Geoffrey Chaucer;

The clear, the strong, the dignified, the plain;

I love thee well, thy prologues and thy tales;

Never for me too long, nor long enough;

Thou art my dictionary, printer, grammar;

From thee I've learned, if I have learned, my tongue;

Not from the modern winnowers perverse

Who save the chaff, and cast away the grain;

Yet, Chaucer, though I honor thy wisdom

As much as thou, there are in my breast

Some deep emotions which thou touchest never;

Kind, gentle, tearful pity, dire revenge,

Stern, unrelenting hatred, and sweet love;

Awe-reverent too of influences

Unearthly, unsubstantial, superhuman,

And almost adoration of the face

Sublime of wild, uncultivated nature—

Chaucer, thou'rt touchest none of these; go down.

Stand up, forefinger; thou'rt the arch-enchanter,

Sweet, fanciful, delicious, playful Shakespeare,

With his hobgoblins, fairies, Bottom, Puck,

His soldiers and his cut-throats, and his witches,  
And held in folds the wily, and bound in buckram,  
And bloody Juliet and imprisoned Romeo;  
And bloody Richard wading lady Ann;  
Or studying prayers between two reverend bishops,  
But charming though thou art and captivating,  
And loved within the cockles of my heart,  
I've yet a crew to pluck with thee, my Shakespeare;

For when thou shouldst be noble than I of mean,

Thou'rt still a master; thou'rt still a brief.

And like a master dastling grown and blind,

Stuffed into thy bags of gems and gold,

Not the pure metals only but false coins

And vile alloys groped out of mire and dirt,

I'm sorry, Shakespeare, but thou'rt most godown.

Stand up, strong middle finger; thou'rt John Milton,

Master of England's poets, prince of verse;

I love thy deep, harmonious, flowing numbers,

Thy sense, thy learning, gravity and knowledge,

Thy rational Adam, and sweet, hapless Eve;

But I like not thy bitter polemics,

Thy small philosophy and mean religion,

That inflexible, obdurate temper

Thou'rt borned out from the temper of the times;

No vicinal faults are so, get thee down.

Stand up, strong middle finger; thou'rt accomplished Pope,

Melodious minstrel of the rounded rhyme,

Philosopher and satirist and wit,

Acute, dogmatic, antithetic, bright,

The poet of the reason not the heart,

A pedagogue who lashes and instructs,

A pedagogue who laughs and whisks,

Who, when he asks him for a master tale,

Reads up a syllabum, a dry prelection;

Yet for his brilliant wit's sake and his keen

Well merited scourgings of that vicious age,

And for the noble height at which he stood

Above religion's vile hypocrisy

I could forgive his frailties and forget,

His faults with his virtues, his imperfections with

His great, original, imaginative, poetical

Painted his English portrait of great Homer;

Thou'rt most godown.

Stand up, weak little finger; thou'rt art Goldsmith,

Simple, winsome, and witty,

Good, simple Vicar, and wise,

Shy, good, simple Vicar,

## The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending July 28, 1860.

There is no book or no writer can ever get to the bottom of the New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his *Saturday Press*, does more ready by merely mentioning them in a separate print. The title of a new book, *What is it?* is a very valuable note. —HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## NEW BOOKS.

## AMERICAN.

## TRAVELS.

A history of the West Coast. By Frederick Law Olmsted. Vol. 1, pp. 1-42. New York: Mason Brothers.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Our History. The story of the Electric Telegraph. By George F. French. Boston, Superintendent of Telegraph Lines. Large 8vo. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Standard Law Book. Containing an Arrangement of Harvard's Law Books, adapted to the use of the present Massachusetts and Company's Executive Manual of Army and Navy, and United States Army Regulations, &c. By Parson's. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Large 8vo. \$1.75. Boston: The First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers. Large 8vo. \$1.75. New York: West & Johnston.

## ENGLISH.

## HISTORICAL.

Philip's History of Great Britain. With numerous Wood Engravings. Large 8vo. \$1.75. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

History of the United States. By George F. French. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Large 8vo. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

## LITERATURE.

Herbert's Chaucer. A new and revised edition. By Sir Arthur C. H. T. New York: Harper & Brothers. Large 8vo. \$1.75.

Passage from the Life of Agnes Grey. By Mrs. D. London. Small 8vo. 50 cents.

H. C. Lea's Life of Lincoln. Large 8vo. \$1.75. London: Whittaker & Sons.

## POETRY.

The Life of Romeo. By Romeo & Juliet. Large 8vo. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Macbeth. By Webster. Containing the Enchanted Isle. The Scottish Home. The Knight and the Sago—and other plays. Large 8vo. \$1.75. London: Whittaker & Sons.

## TRAVELS, ETC.

The Exploration of Forty Years in Tasmania. By Hugh M. Hall. Large 8vo. \$1.75. With Map and Illustrations. 2 vols. London: George & Son.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. William Youatt's V. E. Enlarged and Rewritten by Samuel Youatt, Member of the Central Farmers' Club, and an authority on the subject. With a new edition. \$1.75. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportman. By Colonel P. Hamilton. Large 8vo. \$1.75. London: Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Chester's Letter to his Daughter. Comprising the opinions of that gentleman upon Fashion, Manners, Education, and Matrimony. Illustrated by Mrs. Chester's drawings. \$1.75. London: D. B. Tautour.

The Choral Union. Large 8vo. \$1.75. London: Heselton & Sons.

## REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

## RELIGIOUS.

Memories of William Miller's End. To which is appended a Fox's Club Meeting and an Address—containing a Biblical Note. By Rev. W. H. Mathews. Large 8vo. New York: Derby & Jackson.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Queens of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. With a Foreword by Mrs. Wharton. Large 8vo. \$1.75. London: Chapman & Hall.

On the Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind. Their Incidence, Symptoms, Pathology, Diagnosis, Treatment, and Prognosis. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., C. S. Phisick, Phisick & Son.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Castles of Romance. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of *Doctor Thorne*, *The West Indies* and *The Spanish Main*. The Three Cities, etc. Large 8vo. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

## MEDICAL.

Bartolucci's Retriever of Practical Medicine and Surgery. Part First, for July 1860. Price Two Dollars a Year. New York: W. A. Tordoff & Co.

On the Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind. Their Incidence, Symptoms, Pathology, Diagnosis, Treatment, and Prognosis. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., C. S. Phisick, Phisick & Son.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Gothic Romance. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of *Doctor Thorne*, *The West Indies* and *The Spanish Main*. The Three Cities, etc. Large 8vo. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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## EDWARD EVERETT.

In another part of to-day's paper will be found an article upon the Mount Vernon Papers, from the New York *Saturday Press*—the organ of what may be called the 'itterly regardless' school of writers—which is interesting as a symptom of returning common sense upon the part of the people. It affords some hope that the gigantic literary despotism, which for years past has rendered it a sin to say a word against the intellectual abilities of EDWARD EVERETT, is now soon to be broken up forever.

This age has many humbugs. We have had the Feejee Mermaid, the Woolly Horse, and Phillip's Fire Annihilator. Last though not least, we have had the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. But these have all been short-lived in their nature. America has produced only one grand quarter-of-a-century humbug, and that is EDWARD EVERETT of the *New York Ledger*.

That class of readers, however, will be disappointed, as the passages intended are only so many instances adduced in support of a philosophical principle, *not* *sound for clarity*, but *for scientific examples, introduced by them to be in any legal, medical, or physiological book, for the purpose of instruction*. They chiefly relate to the sense of touch, and might be found in substance in any Cyclopedic article on the specific topic.

So much for the matter of the book. As to the manner, it is the same as that with which Mr. Martin Tupper has made us familiar in his 'Proverbial Philosophy,' and Mr. Warren in his 'Lily and the Bee.'

There is nothing that we can be miraculously in such an imitation. The result is a rhapsody, somewhat Oriental in appearance, prose in form, but rhythmical in its effect on the ear, producing a disjointed impression, such as might be produced by a bold prose-translation of Klopstock's famous odes, which would then present so many unconnected assertions, expressed in extravagant diction. The style of the work is therefore anything but attractive—calculated rather to puzzle than to please. It is however, as a printed book, got up in a sumptuous manner, and is electrolyzed for the sake of cheapness, the publishers evidently designing to sell it by millions, if possible.

Notwithstanding all its drawbacks, we have little hesitation in saying that *they will probably succeed*, on the principle, perhaps, of the quack, who calculated there were many more fools than wise men in the world. No matter, if the fools are all made wise, by the perusal of these 'Leaves.' They may be: it is not utterly impossible; but we doubt it.

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It is only of late that the masses of the people have begun to realize this fact. EVERETT has been the head and front of that school of Mutual Admiration writers who flourish so vigorously in the neighborhood of the Modern Athens. Through the agency of these men, who think that—

—Hegel is but a place. Where good Ratiocines go.

—a most rigid and insufferable despotism has been maintained over the public opinion of this Continent. Others' crimes might be pardoned; but the man who dares the greatness of EVERETT must expect to be cut off from all communion with human kind. His platitudes must be admired, his elaborate fictions must be regarded as the finest rhetoric in the English language. No word of disengagement was tolerated. And the unfortunate being who did venture to give expression to a differing opinion, was treated very much as if he were an uncivilized cannibal.

We have had many such temporary despots. Every one remembers the Festus mania of a few years ago. But perhaps the most striking instance is the case of MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, who stands in about the same relation to being a great poet, that EVERETT does to being a great man. A short history of the TUPPER movement may throw some light upon this peculiar tendency of Americans to dignify small men.

Through the agency of Willis and the sub-editor of the *New York Mirror*, a great reputation was created in this country for MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. A new Homer and Solomon united had fallen upon our times. His works were printed, and read by the thousand. Edition after edition was issued from the press, but failed to satisfy the demand. Throughout the whole country, the parlor of a respectable family could scarcely be found, which was not ornamented by an elegantly-bound volume of Proverbial Philosophy. No whisper against the excellence of his poetry was suffered. The man who ventured to say anything against it, to be sure, that beginning lines with capitals did not necessarily constitute poetry, was hissed and hooted from society.

The TUPPER mania lasted for a time, and left MARTIN FARQUHAR up to the seventh heaven. He inflicted volume after volume upon suffering humanity. The 'Thousand and One Lines' were repeated. His insanity culminated at the time of the Great Exhibition in London, when he had a poem translated into one hundred and fifty-two languages, which was not fit to appear in one. He came on a trip to this country. He was disappointed in the Falls of Niagara, much to the grief of the editors of the *New York Tribune*, who had just intellect enough to comprehend the depth of the Tupperian soul. He returned. But the bag, after having been inflated to the highest possible degree, suddenly gave way, and left MARTIN FARQUHAR a bigger fool than Providence originally designed him to be—which was rather a useless proceeding than otherwise.

It is a moral hero that Hood need vindication, as a brave and honest man, as a generous and sincere friend, as a loving and tender husband and father, as an honorable man, shrinking from no responsibility, and fearing no amount of work, as a truthful and sincere man of letters, as cheerful and happy in all these relations, loving and human, hating and scorning only

—Mr. Walter Thornbury, the well-known literary and art-critic, has been for some time engaged on a biography of the painter Turner, important materials for which were placed at his disposal by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Thornbury will contribute a biographical sketch of Turner to a forthcoming volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

From the *London Visitor*, New York.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GUM—We have received several samples of prepared India gum, put up in small boxes, by Mr. C. Spalding, 104 Broadway, corner Bleeker Street.

—William Everell, Jr., HENRY EVERELL, Knickerbocker and Franklin, 104 Broadway, corner William street, New York.

GO TO PFAFF'S!—At Paff's Restaurant and Lager Beer Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Weiss, the best Lager Beer, the best Coffee and Tea, the best Weiss and Lager Beer, the best Havana Cigars—and the best of every thing. *Maliby's* *Prune*.

—S. R. —You will also find at Paff's the best German, French, Italian, English and American papers.

—Spalding's Prepared Gum.

From the *Scientific American*, New York.

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(CONTINUED FROM THE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

"Good," said Gazonal, "and while waiting for the chance to cut off the heads of the aristocrats—"

"I cut their nails," said the Radical Republican, putting up his tools, and finishing the pleasantries himself.

He bowed very politely and went out.

"Is this possible?" in 1845?" cried Gazonal.

"If we had the time, we could show you all the pernicious of 1793," said the landscape-painter. "You could talk with them. You have just seen Marat. Well, we know Fouquier, Tinville, Collot d'Herbois, Robespierre, Chalot, Fouche, Barres, there is even a Madame Roland."

"Let us go to this performance: the tragic-element is not wanting in it," said the Southerner.

"There are six hours before we are to carry you to see the monkey tricks which Odry plays this evening," said Leon.

"It is necessary to pay a visit to Madame Cadine, an actress whom your friend Massol greatly cultivates, and to whom you must pay assiduous attention this evening."

"Since it is necessary for you to conciliate this power, I am going to give you a few instructions," said Bixiou. "Do you employ working-girls in your manufactory?"

"Certainly," answered Gazonal.

"That is all I wanted to see," said Bixiou. "You are not married and are a great—"

"Yes," said Gazonal, "you have guessed my fall-ing. I love the women."

"Well! if you wish to execute the little manœuvre which I am about to propose for you, you will know, without its costing you a cent, the charms of an intimate with an actress."

On arrival at Victoire street, where the celebrated actress lived, Bixiou who was meditating a trick upon the suspicious Gazonal, had hardly finished tracing out the course he should follow; but the Southerner had, as we shall see, understood at the first word.

The three friends ascended to the second floor of a handsome house, and found Jenny Cadine just finishing her dinner, for she played the second piece at the Gymnasium that evening. After presenting Gazonal to this power, Leon and Bixiou, in order to leave him alone with her, pretended a desire for seeing a new piece of furniture in the next room; but before leaving the actress, Bixiou had whispered in her ear, "He is Leon's cousin, a manufacturer who has millions, and who to gain a lawsuit against the Prefect thinks it best to make friends with you."

All Paris knows the beauty of this young actress, and can therefore understand the Southerner's stu-pification at seeing her. At first he was coldly received, but during the few moments they were left alone, he became the object of Jenny Cadine's good graces.

"How," said Gazonal, looking with disdain at the furniture of the parlor, through the door which his accomplices had left ajar, and calculating the value of that in the dining-room, "how could any one leave a woman like you in such a kennel!"

"Why, what would you have?" Massol is not rich, I am waiting until he becomes Minister."

"What a happy man," said Gazonal, sighing like a countryman.

"Good," said the actress to herself, "my furniture will be renewed. I can then compete with Caroline!"

"Well," said Leon, coming in again, "you will come this evening to Caroline's, we sup and play lachquette there."

"Will you be there, sir?" asked Jenny Cadine.

"Yes, madame," said Gazonal, dazzled at this rapid success.

"But Massol will be there," said Bixiou.

"Well, what difference does that make?" said Jenny. "But clear out, my jewels, I must go to the theatre."

Gazonal handed the actress down to the carriage which was waiting for her, and pressed her hand so tenderly that Jenny Cadine responded by wringing her fingers. "Why! I have not a change of hands."

When he was in the carriage Gazonal tried to embrace Bixiou, saying "She has bitten; you are a great scamp!"

"So the women say," answered Bixiou.

At half-past eleven, after the play, a carriage con-veyed the three friends to Miss Serafini's, better known under the name of Caroline, one of the nicknames which the lettuces either assume or have given to them, and which in her case meant that she had always killed her pigeon.

Caroline, who had become almost a necessity for the famous banker Du Tillet, a deputy of the left, lived then in a charming house in Saint-George's street. In Paris, certain houses are always inhabited by the same class of persons, and this house had already seen the career of seven courtesans. A money-broker had about 1827 supported Susanne du Val-Noble, since become Madame Gaillard, in it. The famous Esther here caused the Baron de Mungen to indulge in the only follies he had ever indulged in. Florine, and then all whom they jocosely called the late Madame Schonitz, had shone here in turn. Tired of his wife, Du Tillet had bought this little house and installed the illustrious Caroline in it, whose lively wit, spruce manners, and brilliant profligateness, served as a counterpoise to the heaviness of his domestic, political, and financial life. Whether Du Tillet or Caroline were or were not at home, the table was set every day for ten persons, and splendidly set. The artists, the literary men, the journalists, the frequenter of the house, at the prepared feast. There was gambling here every evening. More than one member of the upper or lower Chamber came here to buy what in Paris is sold for weight in gold, pleasure. The eccentric women, those meteors of the Parisian firmament who are so difficult to class, brought here the riches of their toilettes. The society was exceedingly witty, because here anything could be said, and everything was said. Caroline, a rival of the not less celebrated Malaga, had finally succeeded to Florine's receptions, when Florine became Madame Nathan; to Tullia's, when Tullia became Madame Du Bréau; to Madame Schonitz, who had become the wife of a provincial President. On entering the room Gazonal said only a single word, which was at once a legitimate expression, and the expression of a legitimatist. "It is handsomer than the Tuilleries." The satin, the velvet, the brocade, the gold, the numerous objects of art, occupied the eyes of the provincial as well, that he did not see Jenny Cadine in a toilette such as should inspire respect, and who, concealed behind Caroline, while talking with her, studied the entrance of the plaintiff.

"My dear girl," said Leon, "here is my cousin, a manufacturer, who dropped down upon me this morning from the Pyrenees. As yet he knows nothing of Paris; he requires the service of Massol in a lawsuit before the Council of State: we have therefore taken the liberty of bringing M. Gazonal to supper, and asking you to teach him of his mind."

"As the gentleman may wish; the wine is costly," said Caroline, looking at Gazonal and seeing nothing remarkable in him.

Gazonal, disconcerted by the dresses, the lights, the gilding, and the noise of the groups whom he supposed were talking about himself, could only stammer out, "Madame—Madame—is very good."

"What do you manufacture?" asked the mistress of the house, smiling.

"Laces, and offer her a set of them!" whispered Bixiou in Gazonal's ear.

"La—ce—sets."

"Laces! You are a cutler! Cadine, you are odd, my child!"

"Sets of laces," said Gazonal, understanding that he must pay for his supper. "It will give me great pleasure to offer you a dress—a scarf—a mantilla of my make."

"Abi three things? Well, you are more polite than you look," said Gazonal.

"Paris has taken care of me," said Gazonal to himself, seeing Jenny Cadine, and going to speak with her.

"And I—what will I have?" said the actress.

"But—all my fortune," answered Gazonal, who thought that to offer everything was to give nothing.

Massol, Claude Vignon, Du Tillet, Maximé de Travers, Nucingen, Du Bréau, Malaga, Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard, Vauvinet, and a crowd of others, entered.

After a searching conversation with the manufacturer about the lawsuit, Massol, without promising anything, said that the decision was to be made, and that citizens could confide in the intelligence and independence of the Council of State. Hearing this cold and dignified answer, Gazonal, in despair, thought it necessary to interest Jenny Cadine, with whom he had fallen desperately in love. Leon de Lora and Bixiou left their victim in the hands of the cunning woman of this bizarre society: for Jenny Cadine is the only rival of the famous Dejean. At table, where Gazonal was fascinated by a service of silver designed by Fremont-Maurice, the modern Benvenuto Cellini—the maces served in which were worth the interest of the service—the two mystifiers took care to place themselves at a distance from him; but with side-glances they followed the behavior of the witty actress, who, seduced by the insidious promise of a new set of furniture, proposed to herself to carry Gazonal home with her. Never did a sleep allow itself to be more easily than by its shepherd, than Gazonal by this syren.

Three days afterwards, Leon and Bixiou, who had not seen Gazonal since, came to find him at his hotel, about two in the afternoon.

"Well, Cousin, the Council has decided in your favor."

"Alas! it is no use, Cousin," said Gazonal, looking with a melancholy eye upon the two friends. "I have become a republican."

"Why?" said Leon.

"I am no longer worth anything, not even enough to pay my lawyer," answered Gazonal. "Madame Jenny Cadine has my notes for more money than I am worth."

"The fact is that Cadine is a little expensive, but—"

"O, I had my money's worth," answered Gazonal.

"What a woman! The country can't afford with Paris."

"Good," said Bixiou, "now you speak reasonably. Now you confess the majesty of the Capital."

"And of the capital!" cried Leon, handing to Gazonal his notes.

Gazonal looked at the pieces of paper with a vacant stare.

"You will not say that we do not understand hospitality; we have instructed you, feasted you, and—assisted you," said Bixiou.

Paris, November, 1845.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for August.)

MIDSUMMER.

Around this lovely valley rise

The purple hills of Paradise.

O, softly on yon banks of haze

Hoy rests the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,

The argosies of cloudland lie,

Whose shores, with many a shining rift,

Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day

The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat

Just where the field and forest meet—

Where grow the pine-tree tall and grand,

The ancient oaks austere and grand,

And fringed roofs and pedeles fret

The rippled of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go

Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;

With even stroke their scythes they swing,

In turn their mighty whetstones ring;

I hear the whinny of the horses,

And toot the thickets in the sun;

The cattle graze; while, warm and still,

Slopes the broad pasture, banks the hill,

And bright, when Summer breaks the

The green wreath crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee

Come to the pleasant woods with me;

Quickly before me runs the quail,

The chickens skulk behind the rail,

High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,

And the woodpecker pcks and fits.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,

The brooklet rings its tintling bells,

The swallows flit amidst the hum,

The sparrow leaps among the boughs,

And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by; and, look!

Into the mirror of the brook,

Where the vain bluebird trim's his coat,

Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,

The down of peace descends on me.

O, this is peace! I have no need

Of friend to talk, of book to read:

Close to my thrilling heart he hides;

His voice is His voice;

I lie and, listen, and rejoice.

(From the Boston Transcript, July 19.)

THE CLASS OF 1860.

(From the New York Times.)

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES.

The Chicago Zouaves have done good service in opening the eyes of our military amateurs to the folly and absurdity of copying blindly, in our volunteer-drill in this country, that of European armies of the old school.

We called attention to this subject several months ago, commenting on the changes which the new fire-arms

were likely to effect upon the formation of troops in action, and ventured, at the risk of being considered blasphemous, to hint that the admired solidity and precision of the Seventh Regiment were likely to prove, within the next five or six years, much more showy than serviceable.

The drill and discipline are not suited to the armies of all countries—a very important fact, which our militia-men have generally overlooked.

The system which we copied from the English, and which they borrowed in the main from the Germans, which makes all merit on parade consist in the accuracy of the lines and the precision of the marching, took its rise in an age when armies were altogether recruited from amongst the rude and stupid peasantry of feudal estates—boors who were only taught to know their right legs from their left by great pain and patience, and who could not make a decent appearance on parade short of three or four daily drill. They were in short in all respects such as the Russian recruits are to-day, and these are considered to require five years' training to become reliable and presentable troops; and to get from them a fair return for the labor expended on their education, they are retained under arms for twenty-five years. It was by such men as these that the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, the War of the Succession, and the French Revolutionary War, on the side of the allies, were carried on.

To have placed any reliance on their intelligence or self-helpfulness would have been an absurdity, so that nothing was thought of beyond teaching them to stick together, to keep up the line or the column, to move in close masses, and obey the word of command implicitly. The officers were gentlemen who knew what they were about, and acted rather as engineers working a machine, than as bodies of men.

In all countries in which a territorial aristocracy still exists, and in which the peasantry still occupy a position more or less servile, this regime still exists

—in Russia, in Austria, in Bavaria, in Prussia, and in England. In France it disappeared at the Revolution, and the result was seen in the early campaigns in Italy, and afterwards at Jena, at Austerlitz, and at Wagram. Not that the drill or maneuvering underwent any serious change, for a long period, but all effort at precision, either in dress or in movement, was given up, and the whole tendency of the discipline was to develop individual intelligence. The result is, that the French army, in almost everything for which our Seventh Regiment receives so much applause, is vastly inferior to almost any other European army on the parade-ground. It wants the massive solidity of the Russians; it wants the splendid precision of the Americans; and it wants the stately march of the British. The movement of a French battalion over the ground is a sort of irregular shuffle, with very little stamp of regularity or of a well-arranged and well-drilled army.

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